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Every once in a while, there will be a small story, which comes up in my observation of nature, which touches my heart, and reminds me of our own, human society. Several years ago, I was staying in a home not too far from here, and a bad storm came through.

Although the worst of the

weather missed us, some of the vinyl siding, which comprised the awning, on the back porch roof, was blown off, exposing the timbers, of the roof. I looked, then, and could see, through into part of the porch attic. Right at that spot, above where we would sit, to smoke tobacco, there was a mess of straw, and hay, which I could discern, was a

birds' nest... which had been exposed, when the siding blew off. At first, I didn't know, if the nest was inhabited, or not... but soon, I started seeing a pair of grackles, going back and forth, in and out of the nest. I could hear baby birds, too, chirping from up in the nest, against the facing of the roof, under the eaves. This pair of grackles, I could see, was in no

way, going to abandon, that
nest, nor those baby birds.

They continued, leaving from,
and returning to the exposed
nest, and seemed so devoted...
they weren't going to give the
chicks up, for loss. Some of
the other birds, from in the
neighbor hood, began
mocking, and riddy Q ling, the
devoted parents. They made
quite a racket, but the two

grackle parents kept diligently
bringing worms, into the nest,
from out in the yard... and
didn't let the misfortune deter,
them from bringing the chicks
up, and eventually, the nest
was emptied... the chicks had
earned their wings, and could
go on their own. I especially
remember, that grackle mother,
and father... and can still hear,
them, in my mind...

frustratedly squaking, coming
in and out of the nest. The
nest, was now, in full view, of
the humans, and they had
intended the nest to be private.
They didn't like it. Birds, are,
it seems, a little like people, in
the way that, although
misfortune, and disgrace, may
have befallen, the family, that
in no way, discourages, the
parents, from fulfilling their

parental jobs, in continuing to raise the kids. The mother, and father, although dealt frustration, and grief, by the ridicule of the thoughtless people, of the community, will unflinchingly continue to raise the young, until they are ready to leave the nest. A mothers' and fathers' devotion, knows no comparison. This almost goes without saying. But, at

any rate, I'm reminded, also, of some of my own families' set backs. While we've been so very very blessed, through out our lives, having ones' son, struggle through hard years, and have a serious suicide attempt, must have been painful, for my parents. But, we definitely got through the hard times, and have had years of prosperity... it was really

just the 'terrible twenties,' the decade following my high school graduation, when I found struggles. Childhood, in my parents home, was care free. I was allowed freedoms, and was given plenty of good books to read. Especially, my parents monitored my television viewing, and there were many shows, I wasn't allowed to watch. We never

had cable television, like my friends had, and so I entirely avoided, many worlds of trouble and difficulty, which they found, early. My childhood was practically pristine, these sylvan years being an essential component, in the development of the peace and tranquility, present throughout my artistic output. My inner world, is so ideal,

today, in fact, that I indeed,
must give the credit to my
parents, for the fairly sheltered
child hood I was allowed to
develop my character within...
me with my books, and stories,
and sketchings. But, this
book, I am writing presently,
indeed wouldn't have come to
my service, if I hadn't paid my
dues. I can't stress the
importance of this enough.

And, if there's one certain
mistake parents make, its
failure to instill respect, for the
laws. And this varies, but
what good is it, if a parent tries
to discipline their child, and
reward good works... but
allows him or her to view and
participate, in the culture of
violent media? You see, such
as that, sends children mixed
messages. The parent says one

thing, and celebrates another. Children, when grown, return to the good values of their parents. They will use their parents' abuses, as excuse, for their own abuses, as well.

At any rate, these are a few ideas, onto this page, this first day of November. I hope your holidays are blessed, and here's hoping, for a pleasant, and productive twenty twenty

one. All for now, Greg.